

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Award Tour"

[Chorus - Dove from De La Soul:]

We on Award Tour with Muhammad my man
Going each and every place with the mic in their hand
New York, NJ, NC, VA
We on Award Tour with Muhammad my man
Going each and every place with the mic in their hand
Oaktown, LA, San Fran, St. John

[Q-Tip:]

People give your ears so I be sublime
It's enjoyable to know you and your concubines
Niggas, take off your coats, ladies act like gems
Sit down, Indian style, as we recite these hymns
See, lyrically I'm Mario Andretti on the MOMO
Ludicrously speedy, or infectious with the slow-mo
Heard me in the eighties, J.B.'s on "The Promo"
In my never-ending quest to get the paper on the caper
But now, let me take it to the Queens side
I'm taking it to Brooklyn side
All the residential Questers who invade the air
Hold up a second son, cause we almost there
You can be a black man and lose all your soul
You can be white and groove but don't crap the roll
See my shit is universal if you got knowledge of dolo
Or delf or self, see there's no one else
Who can drop it on the angle, acute at that
So, do that, do that, do that, that, that (come on)
Do that, do that, do that, that, that (OK)
Do that, do that, do that, that, that
I'm bugging out but let me get back cause I'm wetting niggas
So run and tell the others cause we are the brothers
I learned how to build mics in my workshop class
So give me this award, and let's not make it the last

[Dove:]

We on Award Tour with Muhammad my man
Going each and every place with the mic in their hand
Chinatown, Spokane, London, Tokyo
We on Award Tour with Muhammad my man
Going each and every place with the mic in their hand
Houston, Delaware, DC, Dallas

[Phife Dawg:]

Back in '89 I simply slid in the place
Buddy, buddy, buddy all up in your face
A lot of kids was busting rhymes but they had no taste
Some said Quest was wack, but now is that the case?

I have a quest to have a mic in my hand
Without that, it's like Kryptonite and Superman
So Shaheed come in with the sugar cuts
Phife Dawg's my name, but on stage, call me Dynomutt
When was the last time you heard the Phife sloppy
Lyrics anonymous, you'll never hear me copy
Top notch baby, never coming less
Sky's the limit, you gots to believe up in Quest
Sit back, relax, get up out the path
If not that, here's a dancefloor, come move that ass
Non-believers, you can check the stats
I roll with Shaheed and the brother Abstract
Niggas know the time when Quest is in the jam
I never let a statue tell me how nice I am
Coming with more hits than the Braves and the Yankees
Living mad phat like an oversized mampi
The wackest crews try to diss, it makes me laugh
When my track record's longer than a DC-20 aircraft
So, next time that you think you want somethin' here
Make something def or take that garbage to St. Elsewhere

[Dove:]

We on Award Tour with Muhammad my man
Going each and every place with the mic in their hand
SC, Maryland, New Orleans, Motown
We on Award Tour with Muhammad my man
Going each and every place with the mic in their hand
Chinatown, Spokane, London, Tokyo
We on Award Tour with Muhammad my man
Going each and every place with the mic in their hand
Houston, Delaware, DC, Dallas
We on Award Tour with Muhammad my man
Going each and every place with the mic in their hand
New York, NJ, NC, VA

Seven times out of ten we listen to our music at night, thus spawned the title of this program

The word maraud means to loot
In this case, we maraud for ears